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PERSONAL MENTION.

A number of our readers will be glad to read the following tribute to the memory of Edward A. Lawrence, D. D., late of Baltimore, Md., deceased. He was in full sympathy with the peace movement as his father, Rev. E. A. Lawrence, Sr., had been before him. The latter went many years ago as a delegate to the Peace Congress at Geneva and took an active part in its proceedings. This tribute is taken from the *Evangelist* of March 29th and was written by James Buckham:

His was a soul with pure devotion warm,
A noble mind, to noble issues keyed,
A hand outstretched to every brother's need—
God's stamp of manhood on his face and form.

So moved he in unconscious Christlikeness Along the path of duty, cheerful e'er, But ready still some other's pain to share, Or by his toiling make some burden less.

His smile was sunshine, and his firm, sweet voice
Brought peace and strength to many a troubled soul.
There spoke a heart, man-loving, true, and whole,
In touch with those who sorrow or rejoice.

What epitaph could honor such as he?

Things done his monument, and things began,
He stood four-square, full statured; was a man
God loved; such let the simple record be.

From the first moment, when I felt the warm, sincere grasp of Mr. Lawrence's hand, and looked into that face, so strong, so sympathetic, so manfully winning, I knew him for a friend — a friend to honor and to love, to lean upon with confidence and to serve with gladness.

I never met a man who more ideally fulfilled my conception of the word manhood than did Mr. Lawrence. Strength was written all over him - strength physical, mental and spiritual. He had the healthful aspect of a lover of God's great out-door world. His conversation, his writing, his public address, his very cast of countenance, displayed the strong, well-balanced, well-informed mind of a thinker whose intellectual power has character for foundation. A man of spotless life, of pure and high ideals, of noble unselfishness, of tender sympathies; selfcontrolled, yet not self-conscious nor self-righteous; earnest, patient, devoted, chivalric; quick to the truly lovely and innocently joyous things of life, yet grand in his hatred and contempt of everything base and low and unmanly; with sympathies as broad as the sky, controlled by convictions as deep as the sea - such was this manliest of men, whom God has seen fit to call to Himself.

Almost my first impression of Mr. Lawrence was that he was born to be a leader of men, and especially of joung men. He had the qualities which attract and win and unconsciously influence the mind and heart of youth. He was young himself — never lost, and never would have lost, the atmosphere and spirit of youth; and this gave him ready and willing admission of the hearts and lives of young persons. I had hoped to see him some time intimately associated, as mental and spiritual guide, with some great organized body of youth. I think he would have been a perfect tower of strength to any college or college church.

But I am sure that God has not quenched that hopeful spirit by calling it away from earth. Somewhere an equal

labor, an equal fitness, an equal reward, await him. Earth is not the only training school of character, the only home of generous enthusiasm and earnest endeavor and noble achievement. Somewhere under the stars of God that manful spirit loves and toils and hopes, and waits. To the Land whither we are all going, he has gone, a little sooner, like one who presses on with swifter, surer step to see the sunrise from the summit of the hill.

IN MEMORIAM.*

BY IDA WHIPPLE BENHAM.

Her gentle deeds have uttered forth her praise These sixty summers; yet our hearts are stirred To swell the gracious concord with some word, Melodious of the beauty of her ways,—
The winning gentleness of tone and phrase And soft inflection when her voice we heard, The kindly services her hands conferred, The patient cheer of solitary days.

Little she craved of all the earth bestows; Long was her prenticeship to grief and pain; But joyful labors followed her release, Her thorn of sorrow blossomed to a rose; Life's fallow fields waxed fair with golden grain, And earth grew bright with promises of peace.

*Read at Hopedale, Mass., April 26th, at the services held in memory of Mrs. N. W. Lewers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, May 5, 1894.

To the Editor of THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE:

A correspondent from Dresden writes me as follows:

I have read with interest the article on Customs Tariffs and Peace in your March number which is excellent. It is unquestionably true that treaties of commerce, furthering as they do the natural interests of the contracting parties are the best means for maintaining peace between them. One of our papers illustrates this truth in to-day's edition by giving currency to a rumor that our Russian treaty is leading to an agreement which if it does not exactly tend towards disarmament is at least to prevent a further increase of our respective armies. We are not only taxed to death to keep up our army of five hundred and sixty thousand men, but political economists all agree in the view that the withdrawal of this most effective portion of the available labor is impoverishing our country.

Already twenty years ago I held the opinion that a movement was even then existing which would finally bring about a political union of the countries of Europe, though probably not while we live is it likely to take on the form of a republican government. The movement began by a postal union, followed by an agreement respecting the principal railroad and telegraph lines, which is kept alive in meetings occurring once or twice a year where all questions pertaining to the general European traffic are discussed and settled. This traffic is thus under a complete organization.

A further remarkable symptom of the tendency of